THE CHRONICLE.

COLFAX, - - LOUISIANA.

THIRTY-NINE AND NINETEEN.

PROLOGUE.

Into the room, with a nameless grace,
Glided a maiden, just nineteen;
The faint rose blush on her fair young face
Set off a beauty but rarely seen;
Brought to a poet who stood apart,
She archly spoke of his "well-known name"—
They talked of verses, of books and art
With a common passion, and words aflame.

His hair was not yet touched with gray,
And youth's first longing lit up his eyes;
He had waited for years for this sweet array
Of matchless beauty—and sharp surprise.
The jostling groups went round and round,
And charming women and men passed through;
Among the tableaux not one was found
That mated so well as this fated two.

THE DAY AFTER THE PARTY.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

"He seemed to like me—that is sure—
But then, he had to be polite;
The young men there I could not endure—
I wish I could see him again to-night;
But he lives with books, and on lofty fare,
What could he care for a girl like me?
So, I still must dress and frizz my hair
For some brainless fop of the third degree.

"Yet, when my carriage came to the door,
It was he who saw me safely in.
I have had attentions like this before,
And words that thought they were sure to win;
But, somehow, his hand's touch thrilled me through,
And he put on my shawl with so much care,
I hoped he was smitten—I wish I knew.
I would write him a note, but I do not dare."

WHAT HE THOUGHT.

"I sit at my desk, but I can not write,
Her beauty is still before my eyes;
Of all the women I saw last night,
Or ever saw, she is the prize.
Of course, she listened to what I said,
And tried to make me feel at ease;
A girl with so fine a face and head
Knows well the arts by which to please.

"But I thought, as we parted, I saw a glance
That took no note of differing years;
Who knows but her dreams of true romance,
Once fathomed, would dissipate my fears?
What if I try my laggard fate,
And see if Love shall be dispossessed
Simply because it has happened late?
Oh, gossiping world, you may guess the rest."

A FEW WEEKS LATER.

WHAT THE GOSSIPING WORLD THOUGHT.

"Who would have thought it—and he so old,
And she so frolicsome, young and fair?"
One heard "he was rich," and one was told
"She had lost one beau, and didn't care."
"Why, they're soon to be married—that girl so sweet"—
"What—she—to that ancient, critical beau?
Well, well, if THAT isn't quite a feat!
Who will marry next, I should like to know?"

—Joel Benton, in Merchant Traveler.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

The Scene of a War Romance Laid in a Cellar.

By making a gigantic effort I had at last succeeded in pushing up the heavy sash of the old-fashioned guillotine window, and now, sitting in the broad window-seat, I was enjoying the scent of the great syringa bush, which grew so close to the house that it pushed its branches inside whenever it had the opportunity, so that sitting in the window was almost like being in an arbor. I was in Germany, of course, for guillotine windows, as we call them, are still the fashion in England, I hear.

Yes; I was in Germany, and it was the day before Whit Sunday—a lovely May day—and I was just sixteen.

I am a good deal more than sixteen now, but still, often, when the syringa is in blossom, and the delicious fragrance comes floating round me, the whole scene rises again before my eyes, and I see the old-fashioned garden, with its quaintly-cut yews and box-hedges, and the apple trees loaded with blossoms; the wainscotted room, with the faded red carpet, and antiquated furniture and ornaments; and, looking through the folding-doors into the dining-room beyond, I see the long table decked for some festal occasion, two chairs wreathed with flowers, and before them, on the table, two bouquets composed of sprays of myrtle.

I see, too, sitting opposite me in a capacious armchair, my grandmother, a little old lady in a white lace cap, with a prayer-book on her knees, which she was reading here at home because she could not get as far as the chapel beyond the town gate. I had been there myself that morning, all in a hurry, just to see how it looked before I brought Granny to the house, and I had seen that it was beautifully decked with flowers, and that there were wax tapers enough to dazzle one.

After that I had come back to the "wedding house" and waited, for I could not leave Granny quite alone; and while I waited I puzzled myself to make out why Uncle Dernau, as we all called him, and his wife should have chosen to celebrate their golden wedding in the little country chapel instead af in the large town church, which seemed so much more appropriate.

Then, too, I wondered what could be the meaning of sundry mysterious allusions which I had heard made in the course of the evening before. They had seemed to amuse the rest very much, but I could make nothing of them.

Uncle Dernau's little wife was a favorite little woman, with bright eyes, brown hair without a touch of grey in it, and had very small hands and feet. How we had all admired her the night before, when, for "the very last time," as she said, she had danced the charming minuet, which had been arranged in her honor. I can see her now in her old-fashioned, marvelously short waisted dress of silk, with a three-cornered fichu crossed over her chest, little shoes without heels, wide ribbon sandals and embroidered stockings. Uncle Dernau himself was her partner, and at the close of the dance he made her a low bow, saying with a gleam of fun and mischief in his eyes:

"Madame, you dance like a Frenchwoman, and I believe I made a mistake after all in carrying you off from the French monsieur!"

Every one laughed at this, and Aunt Dernau blushed like a young girl. What did it all mean? Could I ask Granny? I wondered. She had told me once that Aunt Dernau was her oldest and her dearest friend, and that some day she would tell me her history. Could I remind her of her promise now?

As I looked at her she took off her spectacles and closed her prayer-book, and slipping down from my throne in the window, I seated myself on a stool at her feet.

"Granny," I said coaxingly, "couldn't you tell me your friend's story now? You know you promised, and it is just the right day for it. They won't be back for a couple of hours yet, what with the service first, and then the wedding, and a long sermon, and all the congratulations, so we have plenty of time."

Just then we caught the sound of distant church-bells, by which we knew that the bridal procession must be getting near the chapel.

"Ah, child," said my grandmother, "it was a beautiful time when we two were young, Lorchen and I; you never saw such a little wild thing as she was. They called her 'the bird,' because she was so quick and graceful, and had such bright eyes in her pretty little head. There was not a prettier girl far or near, and there was something about her so different from other girls, that one could hardly take one's eyes off her; she was so dainty and so distingue.

"And Lorchen herself was so well aware of the fact, that she was a perfect little despot. All the men, old and young, did her homage, and many a one did his best to catch and keep the little bird. But this was not so easy, for Lorchen was obstinate, and her greatest delight was to tease and torment her admirers whenever she had the opportunity. I often used to scold her for it; for, being her most intimate friend, I acted as confessor, and she always honestly told me her misdeeds. Sometimes, we got really angry with one another after a ball or a picnic, when her list of confessions was unusually long. But where was the use? She knew that I could not help 'forgiving her, as she said, directly she asked me, little fondling puss that she was; and she knew, too, that all young men she had fooled and tormented would be at her feet again directly. You know that song:

'I know a maiden fair to see.
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be!'

"And it goes on:

'She has two eyes so soft and brown.
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down.
Take care!
Trust her not, she's fooling thee!'

"Well, child, that was Lore all over; just as if it had been written for her. But you mustn't think badly of her, for all that. She was a dear, sweet little thing; and in spite of all her follies, she had a good, honest heart. As I said, she was universally admired; and so it seemed strange that young Dernau, the merchant, who was a next-door neighbor of hers, should be so stiff and cold, and take no notice at all of her. Sometimes I twitted her with the fact that he had never once danced with her, and was quite insensible to her charms. That always made her angry, and she would pout her rosy lips and say:

"'I'm sure I don't want him, Christel; he's a bear!'

"Well, you know, bad times came for poor Germany. The French conquered us, and the King and our beautiful Queen Louisa had to fly with their children; and it seemed as if we should all become French subjects. It was a bad time for us in our little town, for the authorities favored the enemy, and we were disturbed by sounds of fighting all around us. Ah, it was terribly sad! for all prosperity was at an end, and we spent our days in misery and anxiety. Poor Lorchen had, too, a special trouble of her own, for accounts of the wild doings of the French reached us from all sides, and it was said that they had a very rough-and-ready way of courting, for if a German girl took their fancy they just sent their soldiers to carry her off and then took her away with them to the war. We were constantly hearing of deeds of violence and robbery, and the laws, being administered either by the French or their adherents, afforded us no redress or protection whatever. What could we do? People hid their valuables as far as they could in hollow trees, behind walls, or in the ground, and whenever any Frenchmen were known to be in the neighborhood, they hid their wives and daughters as well. Poor Lorchen had the hardest time of all, for her mother was so nervous that she was always seeing danger, and she insisted on the poor girl's spending the greater part of the day down in the cellar, and many an afternoon I spent there, too, keeping her company.

"'Look,' said I, on one of these occasions, 'you can see straight into Neighbor Dernau's garden through this little window.'

"But Lorchen blushed and turned her head without answering. One Whitsun Eve, a lovely May day, just like to-day, a number of the enemy's troops passed through the town, and of course Lore had to sit in the cellar and get through the time as best she might. As soon as the terrible 'Parlevouhs,' as we called them, had all gone through and out of the town gate, the captive was let out, and what must the silly girl do but go to the sitting-room window and lean out. After being in prison so long, she enjoyed the sweet spring air doubly, and it amused her to watch what was going on in the street. But misfortune never slumbers, and, as it fell out, a young French officer came past leading his horse by the bridle, and looking for a blacksmith, as the animal had cast a shoe. He had no sooner caught sight of the lovely little head among the roses which clustered round the window, than he threw the reins to a boy and dashed up the steps like a madman. It did not take him a minute, but Lore was as quick as he, and had slipped back into her hiding-place. Still, where was the use of that, when the Frenchman had seen her and was bent upon finding her?

"I want to see the pretty demoiselle," he cried in his broken German, and he insisted upon searching first all the rooms in the house, then the garrets, and finally the cellar! It was useless to say him nay, for he was master of the situation, and Lorchen's poor mother followed him down the cellar-stairs trembling.

But, wonder of all wonders, the nest was empty; the bird had flown! Finding, therefore, that his search was vain, the young officer flew into a rage, and, snatching up a little ivory miniature of Lore, dashed out of the house, vowing that he would come back next with a whole squadron and stay till the girl was found. As soon as he was gone, Lore's mother sank down in a chair and burst into tears, feeling utterly bewildered and altogether at her wits' end, But she had not wept long when her neighbor, young Dernau, made his appearance, and, to her extreme surprise, asked her with all due form and ceremony to accept him as a suitor for her daughter's hand.

"'*Ach!*' cried the poor woman, 'Lorchen is gone—clean gone; she is not in her hiding place; and if I could find her to-day, where's the use, when to-morrow that French villain is coming to carry her off! I'm a poor, miserable, helpless woman—what can I do? O, this dreadful war!'

"But the young man only laughed in an embarrassed sort of way, and then said:

"'Only trust me, mother, if I may call you so, and depend upon it I shall be able to take good care of Lorchen when once I have the right. In the cellar she is, however, at the present moment, though not in yours!'

"So saying, he led the astonished dame into his house and down ever so many stairs, and there sure enough was the captive is his cellar, doubly a captive now, and a little shamefaced and tearful, but still looking very happy as she fell on her mother's neck, and begged her to give her and Karl her blessing. And so it came to pass that they were betrothed in the cellar, and immediately after all sorts of mysterious preparations were made in both houses, and at last the good pastor himself was called in to give his advice. At eleven o'clock that same night there was enacted one of the strangest scenes which our peaceful, sober-going little town ever witnessed; for a young couple were married in the darkness, in the old chapel outside the Martini gate, and you may imagine my utter amazement at being mysteriously sent for at such an hour, and then finding myself taken to the chapel to be one of the witnesses to my Lore's marriage, the others being her mother and Dernau's most intimate friend, Fritz Berger.

"It seemed uncommonly dismal to a girl of seventeen, as I was then, with my head stuffed full, too, of all sorts of tragical stories. It was a mild, dark night; the sky was much overcast; and ever and anon a distant flash of lightning announced that a storm was coming up. The feeble glimmer from the two tapers on the altar seemed only to make the darkness darker, and the flames flickered incessantly as the wind came sweeping in in gusts, and making the boughs of the old lime-tree rattle against the church windows. It was enough to make one shudder, child, I can tell you! The venerable old pastor who had married Lorchen's father and mother, and baptized Lorchen herself, gave only a short address; but it was all the more impressive for that, and we were all very much touched by it. When the ceremony was over I helped the sobbing bride to take off her wreath of myrtle and put on a very large hood, which was part of the peasant's costume, such as used to be worn about here, which she was going to wear as a disguise. The poor mother was speechless with grief, and seemed quite dazed at the prospect of losing her beloved daughter.

"Meantime, Karl Dernau, who had also dressed himself like a peasant, had brought a poor, miserable, one horsed covered cart to the door of the chapel, and, after the most heartrending leave-takings, Lorchen was lifted in, weeping bitterly. The night had grown pitch-black by this time; the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled in the distance; but, under cover of the darkness, the pair safely effected their escape across the neighboring frontier, to where the French had not yet gained a footing, Lorchen passing for a sick peasant girl who was being taken to some famous wonder-working doctor. As Karl Dernau drove off on his strange wedding journey he looked so brave, and tender, and self-reliant that we who were left behind felt a comfortable assurance that our little bird would be safely hidden in her nest with him for her protector. Two years passed and in the meantime I had been married in the regular, ordinary way, in broad daylight, with bridesmaids and wedding breakfast, and without any of the rather uncanny romance which had attended Lorchen's wedding. Still, who knows whether the mere fact of our having taken part together in this romantic affair did not lead to our own marriage? Be this as it may, it is quite certain that the next time Fritz Berger and I found ourselves inside the little chapel it was for our own wedding.

"After a time things went better in the town, and as the French were less favored by those in authority, it was thought safe for the fugitives to come back; and, as by the death of his father, Karl had become the owner of the house Lorchen's parents had rented—the very house we are in to-day—they came and settled here, and her mother with them and all lived happily together. How happy we were to be together again! and the very first time we had a quiet hour, Lorchen told me the story of her betrothal, which I had never properly understood till then.

"'You see, Christel,' said she, 'you and I were very intimate, and you did know all my secrets—almost; but you did not know that I had cared for Karl for a long time past. I was ashamed to confess it either to you or myself. But when he came to the cellar window that dreadful day, just when I was in the greatest danger, and drove it in—I was too dazed to dare to open it myself—and when he lifted me up, and before I well knew where I was, took me into the cellar of his own house, well, then I knew I did care for him, and I began to cry. And then he sat down by me and quietly took hold of my hand, and when I was able to speak I thanked him and begged his pardon for having made such fun of him before. You can guess what followed. Our betrothal was not very romantic, Christel, for we sat upon an old sugar chest, and my dress was torn and dusty, and the air of the cellar was dank and musty. But what did we care for that? There were roses all round us, and we were in Elysium; and as for the romance, we had enough before the day was out to last a whole lifetime.'

"This was Lorchen's confession, and we both thanked Heaven for making us so happy and bringing us together again. We were happy, indeed, and this helped us to bear our daily cares, for we were still in a great deal of trouble and anxiety, and the clouds hung thick and black over the political sky. There were no christening feasts when our little ones were baptised, and, in spite of our real happiness, a good many tears fell upon the little heads. But at last there was a change! Suddenly it was as if a fresh wind had begun to blow. No one knew whence it had come, but it was there, and we all felt invigorated by it. Lore and I, too, soon noticed that there was a great deal going on behind the scenes, which gave us plenty of food for wonder and conjecture. Wagoners, who did not look at all like wagoners, were constantly bringing heavy loads of merchandise to Karl, and my Fritz, who was a lawyer, and had nothing naturally to do with such matters, was always present at the unloading, and helped to carry the goods into the cellar as soon as it was dusk. It was quite clear that there was some secret which our husbands were keeping from us, and after bearing it patiently for a little while we determined to put an end to such an unnatural state of things.

"Well, we found it all out, and learned that Karl and Fritz were members of a secret league which had branches everywhere throughout Germany, and was formed to deliver the Fatherland from her foreign masters. The "wagoners" were members too, and the goods they brought were arms, which they stored in the cellar; and there, in what had been Lorchen's prison, the confederates held their meetings. On these occasions, now that we knew what was going on, we used to do our part by lighting up the chandeliers in the drawing-room, clinking glasses together and carrying wine bottles and dishes to and fro, to divert attention from what was going on down below, and to throw dust in people's eyes.

"As soon as ever our good King issued his appeal 'to my people,' we saw the result of all these secret preparations. The enthusiasm was tremendous, and every German heart was all aglow. Oh, child, it was a grand time, and I shall never forget the day when the pastor read out the King's proclamation in the market place—for there was not room for the crowd in the church—and called on all the men to come forward and take part in a holy war to expel the enemy. There never was such excitement, before or since! Friends and acquaintances embraced one another, and the most bitter enemies shook hands. The first to volunteer to fight for wife, and child and home were Karl Dernau and my Fritz; and numbers and numbers followed their example. Then came the leave-takings, and those were sad enough. I fainted away, but Lorchen behaved like a little heroine.

"We two kept together through all that time of terrible waiting and fighting and misery. But at last—at last came the news of victory, and all the hills blazed with bonfires. The Fatherland was free, and our loved ones were safe and coming home crowned with laurels! We had suffered a great deal, but we thought ourselves fortunate in having been allowed to look on while such great events were doing.

"But where have I got to with my chattering! I was only going to tell you——"

"O, Granny," I interrupted, "you have not told me a bit too much; I could listen all day——"

"Well," said she with a smile, "you deserve something for giving up going to the chapel to sit with an old woman. When I began I only meant to tell you how Aunt Dernau was imprisoned in the cellar, that you might see what a dangerous gift beauty is!"

"H—m, Granny, I don't like your moral!" I answered. "The French are far enough off now, and for my own part I shouldn't mind running the risk of being tolerably nice-looking."

Granny was going to scold, but the corners of her mouth twitched, and before she could recover herself, I had jumped up, exclaiming:

"Listen, the bells have been ringing this long time; the wedding is over and they will be here directly!"

I went once more hastily through the rooms to see that everything was in order, and then I strewed flowers all down the stairs to the front door, and then Granny and I waited at the window.

Soon the head of the procession made its appearance—such a long, long procession! First came the old people, several couples, and then the young ones, and lastly the grandchildren all decked with flowers; but the bridal pair, who were that day celebrating their golden wedding, were the most beautiful sight of all.

Aunt Dernau looked lovely in her blue-flowered damask and three-cornered lace handkerchief, with the golden sprays of myrtle in her hair; and Uncle Dernau, with his snow-white curly hair, and tall, upright figure, looked most dignified and quite grand, too; for, besides the golden sprig in his button-hole, he wore the orders and decorations which he had won during the war. How tender and careful he was of his little wife, too.

Just as tender and affectionate as he had been to the young beauty when he married her in the sunny May-time fifty years before!—*Household Words.*

—The private car built at Schenectady, N. Y., for Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt is sixty-two feet long, will accommodate eleven persons, and cost $20,000. It has been christened "The Wanderer."—*N. Y. Times.*

BANK OF ENGLAND.

Brief Description of the Systems Adopted for Its Management.

In 1694, while England was at war with France, William Peterson, a London merchant, conceived the scheme of organizing a bank to receive deposits and assist the Government with money. The capital of £1,200,000 was raised by popular subscription, and it was provided that the whole of this should be permanently loaned to the Government at 8 per cent. per annum. The bank immediately issued notes of the denomination of £50 and upwards. As there was no legal limit to the amount of issue, they soon depreciated, and in 1697 it was found necessary to increase the capital stock by £1,000,000. This was paid into the bank, and for a short time was not loaned to the Government, and the effect was to cause the notes and the stock (which latter had fallen to 40 per cent. discount) to appreciate to par. In 1844 an act was passed dividing the bank into two departments— the issue and the banking—the object of which was to prevent the issue of notes without a sufficient reserve of specie to redeem them. At the time of the division into the two departments the aggregate of the permanent loans made by the bank to the Government was £11,015,000. This debt was now declared to be due from the Government to the issue department, which was authorized to issue notes to circulate as money to that amount. But some of the provincial banks had also been authorized to issue notes to a limited extent on the deposit of securities, and it was provided in the act of 1844 that whenever any of these provincial banks diminished their circulation permanently their right to issue notes on deposit of government securities should accrue to the Bank of England, but that the latter bank should only issue two-thirds as much as the amount which provincial banks should cease to issue. Under this arrangement the amount of "permanent issue" had increased to £14,475,000 in 1858. For the notes issued under the foregoing provisions no reserve of specie is required, but for every other note more than are issued as above, coin or bullion must be paid into the bank before the issue of the note. There is no distinction in the appearance of the two classes of issue; but when gold is wanted from the bank the notes are presented at the issue department, and, upon their redemption, are at once destroyed, and for every new deposit of bullion or coin, new notes are issued to the banking department.—*Toledo Blade.*

ROARING PEMAQUID.

The Old Fort at the Roughest Point on the Atlantic Coast.

Pemaquid Point, near Damariscotta, Me., has been said to be, in a gale from any point of the compass between southeast and southwest, the roughest point on the Atlantic coast. It is literally out to sea, and the waves of the Atlantic, rolling in from three thousand miles of ocean without let or hindrance, break with explosive roar upon its bastions of stone, which are worn into endless forms by the attrition and abrasion of ages. It is very rarely that any point of the mainland possesses all the conditions of an uninterrupted breaking place for the waves of the ocean. Outlying rocks or islands or the conformation of the adjacent coast usually break up or check the course of the waves long before reaching the mainland. Nothing lies between Pemaquid Point and the broad Atlantic, and even in the calmest moods of sea the roar of the surf upon its walls is remarkable. When the southerly gale is on, the spray is flung hundreds of feet into the air. The noise is deafening. Huge pieces of rock are broken from the projecting wall and thrown up on the bank. Pemaquid light-house stands on the promontory, several hundred feet back from the edge, with the house of the keeper adjoining it. The light is at least three hundred feet above the sea level. Yet in a southerly gale a few years ago a large stone was hurled by the waves through the thick glass of the lantern, and the spray came down the chimneys of the house in such quantities as to extinguish the fires.

History and legend also lend their attractions to Pemaquid. No part of the country was earlier known to voyagers. The ships of Pring, Weymouth and Gilbert had plowed these waters long before the settlement of Jamestown, and Pemaquid was the rival of Plymouth and Boston as a metropolis in the infancy of New England. The old fort at the harbor was for near a century on the disputed territory between Massachusetts and Acadia. Governor Chamberlain claims for Pemaquid an older date than Plymouth. "Few know," he says, "that years before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth sands, there were established English settlements at various points on the shores Maine—that Pemaquid was a seat of trade, and at one time the metropolis of all the region east of New York."—*Rockland (Me.) Courier-Gazette.*

Some Queer Requests.

The life of Mr. Peter Cooper is about to be published but I doubt if it contains any of the amusing anecdotes of the many demands upon Mr. Cooper from people who seemed to claim a certain right to ask favors from so rich and great a philanthropist. He was so beset with letters of the kind that a clerk was employed to answer them. One woman wrote that she never had been to the opera, and would like to have him send a box so that she might go, and invite friends also; another wanted a sealskin sacque, as the winter was severe, and thought he might well afford to send her one; while still another wrote that if she had a new set of false teeth, costing forty dollars, which amount she asked him to send her, she thought she could get a husband.—*Town Topics.*

—About $3,000,000 worth of American-made locomotives are sent abroad every year.

MAKING PLATE-GLASS.

Flattering Results Obtained by the Use of Natural Gas as Fuel.

"There is a plate of glass 66x84 inches, which is the largest size made in this country," remarked a prominent glass merchant of this city to a reporter as he was engaged in superintending the unpacking of a large box.

"It was made in a Pittsburgh manufactory with natural gas as fuel, and is much superior to that made by coal, since the sulphur even in the best and purest coal blurs and coats the glass with patches, while if smoke comes in contact with it in the soft state a permanent stain is caused. Besides, when coal fuel is used the best of care can not prevent ashes, dust and solid particles from the furnace falling onto the molten glass and making flaws.

"Gas fuel, however, has changed all of that, and has given Pittsburgh a great advantage, and glass can be made so much better and cheaper there that all of the factories have found themselves forced to 'go to Pittsburgh or go to pieces.' In a short time America can compete with French and German plate-glass, where manufactured gas is used."

"How is this glass made?" asked the newsman.

"Well, the hardest and most interesting part is the 'blowing,'" was the reply.

"The entire mass of molten material must be blown into shape by the breath. Messrs. Appert, of Clichy, France, claim to have discovered a process that will make glass-blowing by the mouth unnecessary, and it is to be hoped that they have, as the process is very painful, and the men after a few years become pale-faced, with their cheeks hanging limp in folds, and some cases have been known where their cheeks have worn so thin that they actually cracked."

"What are the materials used to make the glass?" was the next question of the reporter.

"One hundred parts of sand, thirty parts of lime, forty parts of alkali and some pulverized charcoal are put in a fire-brick pot, which is set in a furnace heated to an intense heat by gas and are brought to a molten state. A workman then plunges a long wrought-iron tube with a wooden handle and mouthpiece into the white-hot mass, and by alternately cooling and rolling it finally has a ball of glass many pounds in weight adhering to the end. He turns it about until it becomes pear-shaped, and then hands it to the blower, who blows gently into it, at the same time constantly turning it, until it becomes the shape of a huge bottle. It takes a very strong man to do this, since for a plate of glass of this size the molten material will weigh thirty pounds.

"After it has been blown into the right shape," the speaker went on, "the end of the pipe is closed up, and the air, expanded by the heat, breaks a small hole in the end of the bottle, which the blower enlarges by twisting his tube around and puffing his breath into it until at length the bottle becomes a cylinder. A string of red-hot glass drawn over the upper part of the cylinder breaks it off evenly, and it is then cracked open lengthwise by a red-hot iron. Each side is heated, flattened out, tempered and polished, and finally becomes a great sheet of clear plate-glass.—*Cincinnati Sun.*

MIND IN FARMING.

Practical Knowledge Which Can Be Acquired on the Farm.

The idea has generally prevailed in the past, and possibly more by farmers than others, that for the business of farming but little intellectual training was necessary. A willingness to work on in the old routine, that has been transmitted from the practices of the past, was all that could be safely relied on for success, This narrow view, born and kept alive by ignorance only, is a mistaken fallacy of the past, fast dying out, rather than the sentiment of intelligent, present thought. The agriculture of to-day is not based on manual labor alone. The education of the mental faculties, as well as the training of the hand to work skillfully is recognized as an essential in fitting for the life work of the farm. Upon these, intelligence and labor combined, rest the hope of progress in agriculture. And yet it may be questioned if farmers fully appreciate the value to their children of a home training and education in the work and in the business of the farm. Each year there go out from the farm young men and women to assume the work of managing farms for themselves. Are these young men and young women as well educated and trained in the work and business affairs of the farm as they, the sons and daughters of farmers, ought, with their opportunities, to be? We fear there is yet too much of indifference in parents in teaching their children the business of farming, not only as a trade, but as a profession. It ought to be kept constantly in view that the training and education needed by the farmer can largely be learned at home, and that the practical knowledge thus gained will be of inestimable value—so much capital with which to begin the business of farming.—*Maine Farmer.*

Hannibal Hamlin's Salute.

A new story of a youthful prank of Hannibal Hamlin is told by a correspondent. When the ex-Vice President was a boy in Paris seven persons were baptized in a stream north of Paris Hill. Hamlin was one of a party of boys who, hearing of the approaching ceremony, smuggled an old cannon and seven cartridges into the woods near the stream. As the dripping converts one by one were led out of the stream, one by one the cartridges boomed in the old cannon. The unholy salute caused great consternation and anger, but the mischievous youngsters were not caught.—*Norway (Me.) Advertiser.*

—Notwithstanding that there are one hundred and twenty ways to cook an egg, there is only one way to turn a crank, and that is to hit him with the egg.—*Newman Independent.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Admission examinations to Harvard College will hereafter be held at Paris, France, in June of each year.

—In Holland the church doors are locked during the sermon, so that nobody can interrupt by going in or out.

—The girls in the public schools of Brooklyn are compelled to commit to memory the Constitution of the United States.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—In addition to mission halls there are now five hundred places in London where Gospel is preached in the open air on Sunday.

—Cornell University now has sixty instructors and officers and 638 students, none of whom are freshmen, while the senior class contains only eighty-four.—*Buffalo Express.*

—Chan Hon Fan, a Chinaman of Portland, Ore., is a regularly ordained preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He belongs to the Puget Sound Conference.

—Rev. J. W. E. Schenck, for thirty-two years secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, has resigned. His health in California seeking restoration impared health.

—Ten per cent. of the present freshmen class at Cornell are girls, and Professor Jones, of that institution, is quoted as saying that the average scholarship of the young women is superior to that of the young men.

—The American Tract Society held its annual meeting in Washington recently. The receipts for the year reached $357,3, while the expenditures aggregat $352,141. The number of families visited during the year was 145,415.

—The Bishop of Peterborough made the interesting statement in convocation the other day that of 6,000 livings in private patronage in England no fewer than 2,000 were frequently in the market. Dr. Jagee had obtained this information from a clerical agent, "who was retiring from his profession."

—Converted horse-car conductors make excellent deacons. They are so accustomed to taking up a collection that they can make their appeal very individual without any show of embarrassment. And the look of expectancy with which they pass around the plate shows the value of a good business training for this department of church work. Perhaps it might be well for some city churches to engage a couple of horse-car conductors, just to crush out dead-headism.—*Christian Regulator.*

—A Baptist minister at Boston adds to his theological qualifications a thorough knowledge of music. Instead of hiring a quartette or choir he proposes to assume the entire work of developing from the congregation a volunteer gathering of singers, and thus to have eventually congregational singing of a hitherto unknown quality. Members of the congregation will be taught regularly how to sing, and in the course of a few months "the musical pastor" expects to have singing equal to, if not better than any ordinary choir.—*Boston Globe.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A tailor is the only man who dares to give his best customers fits, and by his cutting ways show that he has measured them up.

—Society is just like a pie. There is an upper crust and a lower crust, but the real strength and substance lies between them.—*New Haven News.*

—Old lady (somewhat privileged)—"Are you a marrying man, Mr. Hardcastle?" Mr. Hardcastle (earnestly)—"O, no indeed, ma'am; I'm a widower."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"I do love dress," exclained a young society belle. "Then I would think you would wear more of it," retorted a cynical bachelor friend of middle age.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Matthew Arnold is coming back to this country. He thinks he remembers one place where he let a dollar or two get away from him the last time.—*Chicago News.*

—Of the 23,000 acres in the town of Newtown, L. I., 1,849 are occupied by cemeteries. A million bodies are now buried in these places, and the annual interments amount to 28,000.

—If you want to know whether your grandmother was cross-eyed or where your great-uncle stood in his arithmetic class, just run for office and you'll know it all.—*Texas Siftings.*

—John W. Mackey, the bonanza millionaire, declares that "money is an accident." Perhaps it is. Still, it is an accident which a man can generally insure himself against by entering journalism.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Spring Flowers: "I think we shall have to start our flower bed before long," said Mrs. Shuttle. "Oh, bother the flowers that—" "Job Shuttle!" And seeing a broom upraised he slid out of the back door.—*Hartford Post.*

—"The weather is over me a little this morning," recently remarked a Frenchman who is zealously studying the idioms of the English language in this city. He had meant to say that he was a little under the weather.—*Harper's Weekly.*

—Mamma—"Well, Johnny, I shall forgive you this time, and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you're sorry." Johnny—"Yes, ma; don't tear it up, please." Mamma—"Why not?" Johnny—"Because it will do for the next time."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—A member of the House of Lords who always pronounces Derby, Darby, Berkshire, Barkshire, etc., was interrupted in his speech on a recent occasion by the barking of a dog that had somehow got into the gallery, whereupon "the noble lord" exclaimed: "To what new species of opposition am I now to be subjected!" "It is only a member from *Barkshire!*" responded a witty duke.

—Customer (in coffee and cake saloon): "Waiter, bring me beef and beans on separate plates; have the beef cut thin and with the grain; the beans brown on one side, and not too hot; and a cup of coffee, and don't let the coffee spill into the saucer." Waiter: "All right, sorr. Anything else?" Customer: "A glass of water." Waiter: "Do yez want the wather washed, sorr?"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*